

*Prin.* O, my sweete beoffe, I must still be good angel to thee, the money is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I doe not like that paying backe, 't is a double labour.

*Pri.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with vnwash't hands too.

*Bar.* Do, my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee, lacke, a charge offoote.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shal I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii, or thereabouts; I am hainouly vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laude them, I prayse them.

*Prin.* Bardoll.

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Pri.* Go, beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster, To my brother Iohn, this, to my Lord of Westmerland, Go, Peto, to horse, to horse, for thou and I. Haue thirtie miles to ride yet e're dinner time; lacke, meete me to morrow in the temple hall.

At two a clocke in the afternoone,  
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue  
Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,  
And either we or they must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words, braue world. Hostesse, my breakefast, come,  
Oh, I could wish this tauerne were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking trueth  
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas haue,  
As not a souldior of this seasons stampe,  
Should go so generall currant through the world:  
By God, I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place  
In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe:  
Nay, taske me to my word, approoue me, Lord.

*Douglas.* Thou art the King of honour,  
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,  
But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*

*Hot.* Doe so, and 't is well: What letters hast thou there?  
I can but thanke you.

*Mef.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

*Mef.* He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous sicke.

*Hot.* Zounds, how has he the leiture to be sicke  
In such a iustling time? who leads his power?

Vnder whose gouernment cometh they along?

*Mef.* His letters beares his mind, not I my mind.

*Wor.* I prethee, tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

*Mef.* He did, my Lord, foure dayes e're I set forth,  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much feard by his Phisicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first bin whole,  
E're he by sicknesse had bin visited:  
His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now: this sicknes doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise,  
Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:  
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,  
And that his friends by deputation  
Could not so soone be drawn, nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust  
On any soule remou'd, but on his owne,  
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,  
That with our small coniunction, we should on,  
To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
Because the king is certainly posselt  
Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is a maim to vs.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limme lopt off,  
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want  
Seemes more, then we shall find it: were it good,  
To set the exact wealth of all our states,  
All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,  
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?  
It were not good, for therein should we read

H

The